



# OUT ON A LIMB

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## THIS 'N THAT

In the last issue of LIMB which we sent out in July, I told you that there would really be three issues this year. Here is issue number 2; and I have already begun the third issue which should reach you early in December.

In this issue, you will find our 1992 A.N.A. diary, an article about some Bowers and Ruddy auctions that had been forgotten, my tirade about whose to blame for the dearth of young numismatists, our first LIMB mail bid sale, and two exciting offers of numismatic literature, exclusively distributed by The Money Tree.

By the way, as there are so many of you who have recently begun to receive the LIMB and our mail bid sale catalogues, here is the regular (since 1987) schedule of our mail bid sales of numismatic literature. You can count on our conducting 3 mail bid sales each year: one around Valentine's Day, one at the end of July or right after the ANA convention, and one around Halloween (this year in Mid-November, a week and half before Thanksgiving).

We are always seeking consignments of good, interesting, and choice material for our sales. Essentially, we seek material of the type that you see us offer. If you have one good item or an entire library that you might consider consigning, please contact us. We are easy to deal with. (We are also snappy dressers.)



## 1992 ANA DIARY

OR

### WE HAVE MET THE FUTURE AND HIS NAME IS KARLJEVICH

The Three Amigos (Myron, his wife Daryl, and your intrepid diarist) were onward to Orlando - land of Disney and soon Shaquille O'Neal, and also the scene of the 1992 ANA. What a wonderful idea! Let's have the ANA where we can have heat, stifling humidity, and rain every day.

Planning ahead, we had booked our flight well in advance during one of the price wars through USAir, after recommendations from Dave and Sherry Sklow (Treasured Books, Port St. Lucie Florida) got reservations for quite reasonably priced rooms at the Quality Inn, just down the road "a piece" from the Convention Center, and had reserved a Mercury Topaz (Ford Tempo) from Budget for the week. Not only were we excited but yours truly was no longer plagued by the digestive disorder of the last two years so as in past years, this diary will emphasize what most other ANA diaries leave out, and truly the only reason for going to an ANA - Food!

Unfortunately, our trip was going to be tempered by the Champas not being able to attend. Kay Champa had become ill, so Armand would not be able to attend. Armand was scheduled to emcee the Numismatic Literature Roundtable Thursday night, where in addition to the program, he would be giving away as door prizes significant quantities and quality of his own numismatic literature including 2 (!) large size Heath Counterfeit Detectors and the deluxe hardbound edition with photographic plates of the Bowers and Ruddy John Adams Collection of 1794 Large Cents. Few things in numismatics give Santa Champa as much pleasure as giving away literature at these gatherings.

We were particularly looking forward to this show to introduce 2 publications we are exclusively distributing - a quality softcover reprint of the legendary and bloody rare 1883 Haseltine sale of the Sylvester Sage Crosby (1875 **EARLY AMERICAN COINS**) collection of early American coins (\$20, only 50 copies produced, also 10 thick paper copies at \$35.00), and a 1992 tome by Pete Smith (**THE 1794 STARRED REVERSE CENT, NAMES WITH NOTES** (biographies of copper collectors and personalities published serially in **PENNY-WISE** and also separately) called **AMERICAN NUMISMATIC BIOGRAPHIES**, a nearly 260 page work containing over 1400 American numismatic biographies - hence the title. \$29.95 pre-publishing price, \$37.50 post-publishing price for a large format, acid-free paper, softcover copy (75 copies produced, also 20 deluxe library editions @ \$75.00).

#### TUESDAY, August 11

I awoke early, finished a bit of packing, took the cat to my father's for her annual exile, then it was off to Myron and Daryl's home, a half hour from me, but a mere 5 minutes from the airport. The younger of the 2 Xenos daughters, Stefanie, drove us to the airport for our 10:30 flight, Cleveland to Baltimore (transfer planes) to Orlando for a 2:30 arrival and perhaps in time for an hour at PNG day. Our flight from Cleveland would leave from Gate 5 which we found a bit troubling to locate since Gate 5 had been cryptically placed between Gates 6 and 10 (an omen of things to come). With our early arrival, we had 2 fruit juices and a bottle of "designer" (anything bottled and overpriced) water at the cafeteria - \$7.50.

The flight went quite smoothly and typically with the requisite crying baby 2 rows in front. Breakfast for me on the plane was bagel-to-go, a huge "Cookie Factory" chocolate chipper, USAir salted "Eagle brand" peanuts, and a mineral water. I have a firm policy of **NOT** eating airline food (stay tuned). Smooth transfer in "Balimer", new plane, and a different requisite crying baby 2

rows in front. Smooth flight to Orlando. After we landed a knowledgeable Redcap grabbed us and guided us to our luggage and rental car. At the Budget car rental desk, our clerk (who looked like one of the guys from DELIVERANCE) computered our reservation and told us to wait outside where our car would be brought to us. (Our Redcap told us that he was wrong, they never do it that way.) Outcome - Pinhead wrong, Redcap right. It took us an hour to exit the airport.

While we waited for the car rental, an affable young lady asked us where we were staying and gave us written directions on a preprinted map. Piece of cake? Fat chance. For those of you who are new to this publication and to us, you must understand that Myron and I individually have horrible senses of direction. Together we are hopeless. We don't lose streets; we lose states. Really! Daryl is the key to our survival as she is our navigator and guide. We followed the young lady's map ... Yep, we got lost. Anyway, we got to the hotel later than we hoped, too late for PNG day, but no real loss. A message was waiting for us from the Sklows, who were staying in the same Quality Inn, and had made dinner reservations for the 5 of us at Caruso's Palace a few doors down (Italian food)

As we registered at the Hotel desk, Myron noticed that the clerk's name printed on her nametag was Ana (ANA, get it?). I tried to buy her nametag, she probably thought I was kidding (I wasn't). Good omen.

Once into our rooms, it was time to phone back to Cleveland to announce our safe arrivals. I have an AT&T Phone card. Piece of cake. Wrongo! Honestly, it took me 35 minutes of dialing, perhaps 30 different attempts, and I still could not get a call through. I accessed every long distance line, but AT&T. I got MCI, I got Sprint, I got Miracle (if it's a good call, it's a Miracle), Midnight (a fly-by-night outfit), Nick-and-Lou's Phone Company and Used Pet Shop. I even got ET's answering machine, everything but AT&T. In desperation, I went through the operator, a policy I would continue to follow.

The room was clean, with excellent mattresses, and an excellent air conditioner. Please understand that I have the circulatory system of a penguin, and that I like the temperature where it is cold enough to hang meat. Surprise! For the first time that I can ever recall, I had to get up in the middle of the night to turn the air conditioner down, an occurrence which occurs as often as someone actually making money from a coin investment firm.

A change of clothes and it was dinner time with the Sklows. Dave and Sherry Sklow, two wonderful people. Dave and Sherry reentered the numismatic literature field about a year ago. Dave had previously been in the numismatic literature business (auctions, FPLs) in the late 70's and early 80's until the military transferred Dave to Guam where he sold Redbooks to lizards and spiders. Upon retirement, he and Sherry opened up an all purpose bookstore (of course, with numislit).

To dinner: frankly the architecture and appointments in Caruso's Palace were monuments to gaudy and kitsch (our current lawyers). The food and service however were magnificent. Now that I can eat again, I tend to cause trouble as I always try to make substitutions from the menu (spinach instead of lettuce in the salad, no problem; marinara sauce instead of cream sauce on the shrimp and linguini). The waiter handled everything without breaking stride. A 5 course meal (2 and a half hours) excellent food and service, only a bit expensive, excellent dinner conversation and companions. Colonel Bill Murray and his party left right before us. As we left, Dave and Sherry went to the Convention Center to unload their books as they had a table and a slew of bookcases at the show. Altogether as smooth and restful a pre-ANA evening as we have ever had. Back to the hotel, for a bit of Jay Leno before sleep.

### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12.

Up early to walk. Too dark, so I exercised in the room. The 3 Amigos went for Breakfast at Friendly's. Beneath the name on each waitress' nametag was the state from where they came; we



had Bev from Massachusetts: friendly (how appropriate), efficient, and professional. The Xenoses had normal breakfasts. I had a bagel with an egg beater (a soy substitute replacing the yolk) with club soda to drink, and a bagel to go (for lunch)

Early start to the show. Daryl dropped us off to go on shopping reconnaissance. Registration at 9:00 AM for dealers and clubs and organizations with tables. We had preregistered, which went smoothly. Myron and I got our photobadges. (Yours truly is Secretary-Treasurer for the NUMISMATIC BIBLIOMANIA SOCIETY, the more than decade old organization for lovers and fanatics of numismatic literature - nearly 300 members, a quality quarterly journal THE ASYLUM, endowers (?) of the ANA exhibit category for numismatic literature (more about that later), dues \$15.00 annually, sent to me. Try it, you'll like it.) The NBS table was number 1447. Myron's room number at the hotel was 1447. Another good omen.

The Orlando Convention Center is relatively new, spacious, sparkling clean, user friendly; the finest convention facility I have been in - better than New York, Chicago, Houston (including the Astrodome), Pittsburgh, Detroit, Boston, etc., etc.

Myron and I stopped (heh, heh) to help the Sklows set up their books. Please understand, a coin dealer has it easy - a bunch of boxes with coins, set them in a case: buh-bing, buh-boom, you're done. Books weigh a ton, are bulky, take up a bunch of room, and generally don't generate a whole lot of money. Myron and I each found a few treasures at the Dave and Sherry Show, not to mention the treasures of the Sklows. Great people. A good start.

While we were checking out his books, Denis Loring (the godfather of all ANA diaries) dropped by to say Hello. Hello, Denis. More of Denis later.

John Kraljevich, Jr. dropped by. For those of you who have not yet heard about this extraordinary young man, remember the name. John is a bright, personable, engaging, pleasant, poised, witty, 15 year old numismatist. We had previously only talked to John by phone. Meeting him in person was one of the highlights of my numismatic experience. John may be the best young numismatist to enter the arena since one QDB in the early to mid 1930's. Perhaps even more impressive was John's mother - a remarkably supportive, wise, proud, numismatically aware, funny, friendly, and intelligent lady. I would love to meet John's siblings and his father. The Kraljeviches must truly be an extraordinary family.

John is already a mature numismatist who is well-respected by those copper people who know him as well as by the most well-known American numismatists such as John Ford, Eric Newman, and Dave Bowers. John was in early setting up his exhibit on the Randall Hoard of Large Cents. John would also be giving a Numismatic Theatre presentation, the youngest numismatist ever to do so.

John asked us if we were interested in buying any of his excess numismatic literature. I bought a 1935 volume of PROCEEDINGS OF THE ANTIQUARIAN AND NUMISMATIC SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA. I asked to see if he had any other numismatic literature to sell. He then pulled out 4 items that had me drooling - The first SPECIAL COIN LETTER issued by Dave Bowers when he was with Hathaway and Bowers, and the first 3 issued by Bowers and Ruddy. Myron and I are collectors of Bowersiana. This was the first time I had ever seen all four issues together. And frankly, we have seen a slew of really rare Bowers items. I had to have them. I offered John a large amount of money. He had no idea they were worth that much. But to show you the cut of his jib, John said that tempting though the offer might be, he had offered them earlier to someone else and felt honorbound to offer that commitment. Good grief. I am still struggling with forming my ethics, and here is a 15 year old wise enough and mature enough to never even think twice about honoring his word.

Then it was over to Art Rubino's kiosk of numismatic literature on the other side of room. Myron and I each found some things we had to have. Art truly has some amazing stuff. It takes him 10

hours just to set up his exhibit. Art has our deepest admiration for his endurance and efforts. In fact, what Art goes through is precisely why Myron and I do not set up at ANY shows. We used to do one a year, at a major local show 15 minutes from the office. Even that was too much of a pain. So, anytime you go to a show where any dealer in numismatic literature and/or supplies is set up, please give the dealer your sympathy and support.

After our early endeavors it was over to the NBS table where we found Wayne Homren, Pennsylvania's best numismatic ambassador, Past President of the Western Pennsylvania Numismatic Society (and current author of a work in progress of the society's history), and also current President of the Pennsylvania Association of Numismatists. Wayne is another of the young, bright numismatists whose future bodes well for this hobby/business/industry.

Daryl dropped by to pick us up to go to lunch. Myron quite wisely insists on leaving the show for lunch every day. He realizes that the ANA is a marathon and not a sprint, and that too much time at the show will cause premature brain death (the faces of dealers with tables after the third day of the show have the same vacant expression as catatonic schizophrenics, but with more hostile personalities than the latter group).

Down the road a-piece was a restaurant called DARRYL'S, appropriately enough. Nice, trendy, and popular with locals and tourists alike. A bright, young (Jeez, I am starting to notice that everybody else is younger than I. May Frank and Laurese Katzen live and be well) waitress named Kristen took our orders. Myron and Daryl had salads, chicken, and each had a Darryl's Beer (like ale). I caused trouble again by asking to substitute spinach for lettuce in the salad (no problem), prime rib sandwich (my weekly cholesterol injection), and seltzer water. All was delicious. The service was great. In fact, at the end of the meal, Kristen even brought Daryl a special dessert, gratis - a huge wedge of chocolate cake with a large scoop of chocolate ice cream, both covered in hot fudge and topped with a fresh strawberry. This is the type of dessert that when you finish they give you a glucose tolerance test.

Because of the excellent service and attention, Myron tipped Kristen with several two dollar bills. Everything subsequently stopped until Myron told her what two dollar bills were. A young waiter tried to buy one from her. I went to the restroom. A new day has definitely dawned, Dan Quayle notwithstanding. There on the wall was a fold down diaper caddy so that the modern father may have a place to change his infant's diaper. Oh Brave New World. Upon my egress, I encountered a whole bunch o' waiters/waitresses gathered around Kristen and her two dollar bills, "What are those? Are they real?" (speaking about her \$2.00s), Where did you get them? Can I get some? (stay tuned for more commentary about getting people interested in numismatics instead of pasteboards with pictures of athletes on them).

Back to the bourse. Met Bob Metzger, the Texas flash, at the Sklows. In addition to being a numismatic biblioholic, Bob is also a regular exhibitor at major conventions. We spent a few minutes talking about the recently concluded Olympic swimming competition. Bob's son is an outstanding age group swimmer. 4 years from now keep your eye on the Olympic swimming team. There just might be a Metzger on the swim team.

To the NBS table. George Kolbe, Charles Davis, and Dan Hamelberg had arrived, joining Wayne Homren. George had some copies of his catalogue of the Dennis Mendelson sale to be held in October. George has outdone himself. While George has held many classic sales of numismatic literature and has produced many impressive catalogues, I believe that this is the finest numismatic literature catalogue he has produced since the 1981 Champa/Lee/Essex sale. The superior presentation and cataloguing is the perfect complement to the superior Mendelson offerings.

Dan Hamelberg had brought along a huge 18 by 24 inch (I believe) beautifully matted and framed photographic print of the cover of Lester Merkin's 1964 Helfenstein sale of large cents. This was



one of three prints Dan had made from an original negative he purchased from Jack Collins. Dan had brought the print to be auctioned at Thursday's NBS meeting with the proceeds going to the NBS treasury. Thank you, Dan. I know that I broke the commandment about coveting upon seeing this print. I may also have broken a few other commandments in drooling over it.

At this point it was 3:45 and time to rush back to the hotel to change clothes for the 5:00 World Series of Numismatics (WSN), in which Myron was a participant. Naturally, a monsoon was in full force. So we got soaked going. After changing, I dropped Myron and Daryl at the entrance and went to park the car - monsoon still in effect. For the uninitiated, the WSN is a "Jeopardy"-like competition in two preliminary sessions. Each session (Wednesday and Thursday) featured 5 teams comprising 3 contestants: 2 adults and a randomly assigned young numismatist. Then the 5 teams with the top scores would meet in the finals on Friday night. Myron's teammates were P. Scott Rubin, team captain and current President of NBS, and (fortune smiled on them) a young designated numismatist named John Kraljevich, Jr. who was positively ecstatic to be assigned to this team. (Myron and Scott were even more ecstatic.)

After parking the car, getting soaked, and arriving back to the WSN with seconds to spare, we were informed that the Kraljevich, Rubin, Xenos team was not competing UNTIL THE NEXT NIGHT - a minor detail which Captain Rubin neglected to tell his teammate. After learning of that little oversight, some of us were not, how you say, happy campers.

Myron and Daryl decided to stay and watch the first round of the WSN. I decided to hit the bourse floor to see if I could find any items for my collection of tokens and medals of American numismatists and American numismatic organizations. (Incidentally, if you have any for sale, please contact me at the Money Tree, but don't tell Myron because he also collects them. Let's just keep it our little secret.) I was able to buy some goodies from Hank Spangenberg who always has great and rare numismatic ephemera. (Incidentally, if you have numismatic ephemera - letters, envelopes, brochures, pamphlets, photos, etc. for sale, please contact me at the Money Tree, but don't tell Myron because he also collects them. Let's just keep it our little secret.) I touched base with Charles Kirtley, who always comes fully equipped with tokens and exnumia - found some goodies there. Over to Paul Cunningham, picked up a few little gems from him. Onward to Affable Joe Levine of Presidential Coin and Antiques - drooled over an 1876 silver assay medal, kibbitzed about stuff, found a few more goodies. Soon it was time for our evening movable feast.

As I always mention in these diaries, the dealers and collectors of numismatic literature are quite a congenial group. Business competition always takes a back seat to good fellow (and lady) ship at these gatherings. During the day you'll usually find several of us together talking about numismatic literature. I tend to feel sorry for most of the coin dealers. I sense that most coin dealers really don't like numismatics; they like the "deal", they like the "action"; but to most of them they could just as well be selling eggs or manure - to most of them it's all "stuff". The numismatic bibliomaniac is precisely that. Incidentally, that's why the title of the NBS journal is particularly apt.

Anyway, at least once at every ANA, the dealers and some collectors break bread together (although with appetites that some of them have, they don't just break the bread, they torture it, rend it asunder, and violate it before they put it out of its misery - not a pretty sight). Reservations were made at the Ming Court for Chinese food, just down the road a-piece. The suspects (better make that participants) were John Bergman (book dealer, book doctor, book collector, former longtime NBS Secretary/Treasurer), his son Jim Bergman (numismatist and paramedic - particularly useful when the food starts arriving, and the battle begins), John Adams (living legend), George Kolbe (the master), Dan Hamelberg (collector extraordinaire), Charles Davis (book dealer and current editor of THE ASYLUM), David and Sherry Sklow, and the 3 Amigos. All but Sherry and Dave ordered the "family" dinner. The Sklows did not want to be a part of the gustatorial carnage that would ensue.



The food - magnificent. Several types of soup, egg rolls, stuffed crab cakes, a kajillion different main courses: chicken, shrimp, beef, goat or sheep, duck and others too many and too esoteric to mention. The manner of distribution was that the various dishes were placed on a Lazy Susan and subsequently revolved to all concerned. Amazingly, the dishes were originally placed on the Wheel of Fortune between the Bergmans and me. The Bergmans how shall we say it have "healthy appetites". However, one particular delicacy was topped by a pearl-like, gelatinous life form. No one on our side dared to try it. Jim Bergman was astounded at last to find one thing that his father refused to eat. Frankly, none of us were sure what it was, if it was edible, and if in fact it had ever been alive.

Anyway, I believe that we wore out several sets of ball bearings on that Lazy Susan. Someone on the other side of the table even ate the patterns off the dishes. After the carnage was over, Professor Hamelberg and Chef Myron decided that we had not been given a sufficient quantity of food. With the gentle cooperation of the owner we extorted (make that "suggested") that they bring more of the chicken and the shrimp dishes. They graciously did so. Another 2 hour meal.

After the meal, as I was so angered by the constant rain that I suggested that the Xenoses and I go to the Eckerd Drug and General Store so that I could buy an umbrella. Daryl already had a nice little red one, but it wasn't macho enough for me to borrow. I quickly found an official yellow Florida model and hoofed it back to the car. Daryl told me that I had made an excellent choice, as I had just purchased a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle umbrella. Oops! Uh, well, at least it was a Macho Ninja Turtle umbrella. Maybe, if I don't open it, no one will notice the masked turtle head handle. Then it was time to head bedward.

#### THURSDAY, AUGUST 13.

Up at 6:00. Couldn't take my morning constitutional as it seemed to be raining. How unusual! Exercised inside. (Aside - I learned many years ago that because of the irregular schedule, and generally food-on-the-run of coin shows that if one were not to get regular exercise at a show, even an Arnold Schwarzenegger would look like Alfred Hitchcock within a fortnight.)

Breakfast at Friendly's. Bev from Massachusetts took excellent care of us again, and then it was Showtime! Went to the NBS table. Brother Rubin had arrived. John Ford was walking by with John Adams on his way to judge the numismatic literature exhibits. John snagged me to accompany him to give him guidance (yeah, right!) in his judging. Four exhibits - one on the various stages of development of the ANA Young Numismatist Digest, one on tracing the pedigree of a particular 1794 large cent variety through its sales from day one in the 1880's through its most recent auction appearance (in fact, that very cent happened to be for sale on the bourse floor), another on showing the various things that one could learn from auction catalogues: prices, named catalogues, plates, auction room copies, bidbooks, etc.) and one on numismatic ephemera: announcements, brochures, addendas, photos, Hans M.F. Schulman's passport application, and two cases of Max Mehl memorabilia (my favorite as I just love numismatic ephemera, but don't tell Myron). The latter case brought forth at least 3 John Ford stories about his initial meeting with Mehl.

On to Fred Schwan's table. Fred (of the BNR press, dealer in paper money, and bon vivant) who was sharing a table with Ian Marshall (a Canadian paper money dealer and good fellow) offered to drive our numismatic book purchases up to Port Clinton, Ohio for us, a mere 90 minute shuttle for us. Fred and I played show-and-tell with my token purchases, talked publishing and numismatics, and generally spent a great deal of time laughing. Fred also bought a minor slew of ANB's. Good man, that Fred.

Then it was over to Kerry Wetterstrom (good man, that Kerry) and Barry Murphy (good man, that

Barry) of Classical Numismatic Group (Quarryville, Pa) CNG, who recently bought out Seaby's of London, has been conducting auctions of quality ancient coinage since 1987. The firm also sells new and recently printed numismatic literature about classical coinage. CNG also had a display of literature, mostly new - all important; naturally I left with a stack large enough so that it looked like I was buying ballast for a ship.

Lunch was outside the bourse room in the central corridor with Myron, Wayne Homren, and me. This morning's Bagels-to-Go from Friendly's and designer water. Mark Borckardt from Bowers and Merena stopped by for a bit. After some rejuvenation, it was back inside to see Craig Whitford of the eponymously named auction firm in Michigan. Craig, who was originally employed by the late Joe Lepczyk, brings the same modest but thorough professionalism to his own business.

Aside, I had recently obtained from Richard Mitchell, a token dealer from Muskogee, Oklahoma an Old Timers Assay Commission (OTACS) 25th anniversary bronze medal with "Richard Yeo" engraved on the reverse (1964 to 1989). I really did not know a whole lot about OTACS, but I knew that anything with Richard Yeoman's given name on it was particularly special. Problem, Yeoman died in 1988, the medal was dated 1989. Maybe it was just some kind of commemorative issue. As I got to Craig's table, he was just finishing a discussion with a customer about OTACS. What luck! Perhaps Craig could be of help. While he gave me heaps of information about OTACS, there was nothing directly related to my "Yeo" quandary.

Craig also collects everything related to the various US mints having a display in his showcase of pertinent items and some ephemera including a piece of the tree that stood in front of the first mint at Philadelphia. Great stuff!

Then it was over to Tom Mulvaney, late of Mid-American Numismatic Auctions. Tom may be the most sought after numismatic photographer working today. The superb full-page color photos in the Mid-American auction catalogues are testament to his expertise. Tom also is working on a slew of numismatic photography projects. Another of the warm, generous, gentlemen in the business. Tom is a real class act. We talked over some possible future projects.

Then it was time to meet Myron and Daryl to go back to the hotel to change clothes for the WS of N. On the way out I had to meet Dave Schenkman at the TAMS table to pay for some of the tokens that he had brought for me. Apparently we got our signals crossed and he had gone right before I got there. However, holding down the fort at the TAMS table was Al Baber. Hello! Al's name rang a bell. I remember that he just had gotten elected to something important, but I couldn't remember to what. Bingo! Al and his wife had just taken over leadership of OTACS. OTACS!

Maybe Al could be of help in the "Richard Yeo" affair which in fact proved to be true. Al explained to me that each OTACS member had to pay for his (or her) own 25th anniversary medal, and that Yeoman had bought his in advance in 1988 soon before his death, and well in advance of its 1989 presentation. Neat! I just love it when a mystery comes together (paraphrasing that great American fictional hero, Hannibal Smith of THE A TEAM).

As the Xenoses were exiting, I slowed them up again as I went over to the ANS table manned by Col Bill Murray (author of "The New-Mismatist" in COIN WORLD) and by John Van Kleeburg to rejoin.

I finally caught up with Myron and Daryl and we exited the convention, just beating the regularly scheduled afternoon hurricane. Back to the hotel to change. Now the timing was going to be tricky. The WS of N should end at about 5:40 with the Numismatic Literature Roundtable scheduled to begin at 7:00, followed by the Numismatic Literary Guild Bash at 9:30. Thus if we were to get any dinner at all, it would have to be a quickie after the WS of N and the Roundtable. Hurried, but do-able.



Highlights from the WS of N. The Kraljevich, Rubin, and Xenos team was named the "Bookies". The first half of the contest ended with "Minerva's Warriors" (Anthony Swiatek, David Alexander of Stack's, and their Young Numismatist (YN)) leading Kraljevich (who had gotten all of the Bookie's points) 165 to 155. No other team was close. (Frankly, if one of the categories had not been Swiatek's specialty - commemoratives - Kraljevich would have won in a walk.) Periodically, Alexander and Swiatek were so overwhelmed by Kraljevich's barrage that they demanded to have their buzzers checked; subsequently they attempted (and with some success) to bluster and to intimidate emcee David Ganz. Jeez, guys, it's just a game. The match ended with "Minerva's Warriors" edging Kraljevich 300 to 260 as Myron and Scott showed the good sense to keep their bloody hands off the buzzer. Thus, the good guys were in the finals. Apparently young John had also won the YN's version of the WS of N, trouncing his nearest competitor by some 400 points. (Incidentally, there were a whole group of impressive YN's this year. By no means did John win by default.) Would it be possible for John to pull off a daily double winning both the YN and the adult competition? Stay tuned.

Because the match ran late, courtesy of equipment problems and Swiatek's blustering, dinner was going to be rushed. But, since George Kolbe was to host the 7:00 Roundtable, and he had also attended to WS of N, we asked him if he could delay the start a few minutes. He agreed. The Xenoses, Wayne Homren, and I went to "Darryl's" for dinner. We got Kristen again for our waitress, who agreed to rush our orders. For appetizers, they served something that looked like large shards of flattened salted crackers. Wayne aptly nicknamed them "Florida Matzo's." Again, the food was good, served promptly, no problem with the spinach substitution. Unfortunately, we were so rushed, the meal's menu is kind of blurred. I know that all of our faithful readers must be severely disappointed at my forgetfulness. I deeply apologize. Incidentally, while we were in the restaurant, a major downpour was going on. It was so heavy that it looked like some kind of George Lucas special effects movie. Fascinating. It seemed that animals were passing by the window two-by-two. Probably didn't mean anything.

Back to the convention center for the roundtable. The room was well filled. Before the program began, names were written on sheets of paper for the literature giveaway at the end. The Roundtable was ably hosted by George Kolbe. Now George would probably rather do anything than host a public gathering. However, the man of "QUALITY" is so able that virtually everyone would think that he does this every day. But the nervous perspiration on George's pate belied that.

At Armand's request, the various book dealers in attendance were invited to speak about their current projects. George talked briefly about his upcoming Mendelson auction; Charles Davis spoke of his soon to be released book; Dave Sklow mentioned his upcoming auction. John Bergman talked of his upcoming auction of the Wisslead library. Myron spoke of our upcoming auction. I spoke of our Haseltine/Crosby reprint and of the Pete Smith American Numismatic Biographies.

The first on the panel to speak was John Adams who I believe reiterated John Ford's (I believe) statement that more good numismatic literature and works about numismatic literature are being written now than ever before. John then traced his successful search to solve the mystery of the authenticity of the "Virginia" medal by tracing the clues through various pieces of numismatic reference literature. Next, Dave Bowers discussed his experiences as a novice dealer in acquiring numismatic literature in the 1950's. Dave also mentioned that because of the popularity of the Bowers manuscripts which he and John Ford consigned to our auctions, that he was donating a copy of the manuscript for his silver dollar book to be auctioned off at the NBS meeting tomorrow with the proceeds going to the NBS treasury.

Following that was Eric Newman's explanation of how today's numismatic research is hindered by the poor indexes of numismatic periodicals, citing for example the byzantine index for the NUMISMATIC SCRAPBOOK. The NBS is planning to do something about a long term indexing project. The final member of the panel was Al Hoch, Mr. Quarterman Publishing and Quarterman

Reprints a most self-effacing gentleman who preferred to answer questions rather than give a prepared presentation. In response to a question as to which of his publications were the most/least successful, he responded that the 1976 **PENNY WHIMSY** was the most successful (Better than the original, ED), and the poorest American seller was the spiral bound, white card covered reprint of the Lyman Low plates (now quite eagerly sought - ED)

At last it was time for the giveaway. The procedure was as follows. All present (save yours truly) filled out their names on slips of paper. Without looking, yours truly drew the names from a box and gave the slips of paper to George Kolbe who was mostly able to read the names, having lost his glasses earlier in the convention. (John Bergman is the only dealer in numismatic literature that I can think of who does not wear glasses.) Now, Armand had previously sent several thousand dollars worth of literature to be given away. I cannot remember who won the large format Heath Counterfeit Detectors. John Wilson won an 1859 Dickeson.

Soon it was time for the "piece de resistance", the deluxe library edition with 2 color cibachrome photographic plates of the John Adams collection of 1794 cents produced by Bowers and Ruddy in 1982. For the uninitiated there were 256 copies of this superb reference volume produced. The subscribers' names are printed in back. Originally sold by B & R to subscribers for \$100.00, they now sell on the secondary market when offered for \$300 or more.

The provenance of this particular copy is pertinent to the story which is told with the permission of John Burns. John Adams had originally been given 10 copies of the work (numbered copies 247-256). He then consigned copy 252 to our fifth mail bid sale in 1989 where it was purchased by John Burns for \$305.00 + 10%. Earlier this year, John had sold the book to Armand Champa (price undisclosed). Armand then phoned us, and asked us that in exchange for sending the Adams book to us to auction, that would we send him in exchange a commensurate amount of good numismatic literature for him to give away at this Roundtable. We quickly agreed. Myron in particular wanted the book as he did not have a copy in his library. Unfortunately for Myron, Armand later decided to include the Adams book as the "piece de resistance" at the Roundtable giveaway to Myron's disappointment, but frankly this is quite typical of the almost indescribable pleasure that Armand gets from actually seeing someone win a super piece of literature that he had donated.

Before the drawing, John Burns commented that wouldn't it be great if he could win the book back in the drawing. The packed house remained. Before picking the winner's name, I got a rare (for me) inspiration. Why not have John Adams draw the winning name? After all it was his collection and originally his book. Now I made a point of not putting my name in for the drawing. Had I won anything, I would have been torn asunder by a horde of bibliogoths. Thus, I prudently stepped aside. Subsequently, John Adams pulled out a folded piece of paper, and gave that folded piece of paper to George who called out the winner's name, "Myron Xenos!"

MYRON XENOS ""

Good Lord! If I had pulled Myron's name, **THE MONEY TREE** would have been no more. We both would have been immediately and ignominiously hanged from one of branches of **THE MONEY TREE** after we had been drawn and quartered and forced to read "MR. POTATOE HEAD and Other Words that Dan Quayle Cannot Spell."

Amazing! Myron got the precise copy of the very book that a month earlier he thought he might get. We were both extremely fortunate that John Adams pulled Myron's name as John's integrity cannot be questioned. Unbelievable!

With the Roundtable over it was time for the annual Numismatic Literary Guild (NLG) Bash. The NLG is the organization for numismatic writers. The Bash is where the NLG awards for the best



annual writing and literature in a variety of categories are given out. However, more importantly, the Bash is a series of sophomoric and generally on-target satirical jibes are directed toward all that is pompous and arrogant in numismatics. This year's Bash was held at the Peabody Hotel, the upscale inn directly across from the convention center.

Myron and Daryl had arrived early to stake out our table whose population grew to include the Sklows, John and Mabel Ann Wright of EAC prominence, Wayne Homren, Mark Borckardt, and a few others who drifted by. But first an apology, in the last ANA Diary I inadvertently left out the name of a good friend with whom we have spent much time at various other Numismatic Theatre presentations, and also at NLG Bashes. Also, I mistakenly included Ken Barr at last year's convention, when in fact Ken had stayed in California. Apologies to both. Oh, I forgot again to tell you whom I left out. I'm sorry. Let's see, he writes a monthly column for **THE NUMISMATIST**; he is President of the Pacific Coast Numismatic Society; he has written extensively for **THE GOBRECHT JOURNAL**. He now collects and writes for **THE NUMISMATIST** about coins of the Philippines. That's who he is.

While Donn Pearlman had ably hosted the NLG festivities for many years, last year Wendell Wolka ably replaced Donn, bringing his own brand of zaniness to the proceedings. This year's targets were the U.S. commemorative coin program, slab dealers, coin investment firms, and telemarketers, in addition to skewering various numismatic personalities who deserved being skewered. After the awards were given out, (Incidentally John D. Wright won in his category for his large cent book, *Kudos*, John.) it was time to award the "Clemy" the NLG's academy award. The Clemy is awarded by the previous year's winner, David Alexander, last year's winner, presented the Clemy to Robert W. Julian, a numismatic writer for all seasons.

As the bash ended, we were finally able to make contact with George Hatie, former ANA president and current ANA counsel. Mr. Hatie, who was the primary consignor in our 7th mail bid sale, had brought a few items for our next sale - 14th and 15th century English documents. Neat. By this time it's after midnight so back to our hotel and to bed.

## FRIDAY, AUGUST 14.

Today was going to be busy. So, it was up at 6:00. Amazingly, it was raining. Exercise in the room again. Breakfast at Friendly's where we ran into the Sklows. Bev from Mass. took care of us again. Bagels to go for lunch.

At 9:00 AM, the annual Early American Coppers Meeting. Paid my annual dues to John and Mabel Ann Wright and also signed up Myron as a new member. The jam-packed meeting was being conducted by the multi-talented EAC Secretary Denis Loring. Myron and I were seated with Dave Sklow, Mark Borckardt, Col. Bill Murray, Bob Julian, Scott Rubin and his adorable daughter, Marcie (who just also happens to be an NBS member)

EAC meetings tend to be free flowing affairs with no formal program. Denis gives the latest news from the copper community and the audience is invited to share news and finds. Denis announced that the October Long Beach Convention auction will be conducted by Superior with excellent coppers. From the floor came the tale of a fairly recently discovered 1794 starred reverse cent found in a small PA auction. Denis then asked the dealers who were working on new publications to discuss them.

After I sat finished talking about our 2 works, I found myself receiving a variety of notes from EAC members accompanied by checks and cash for the Haseltine reprint and Pete Smith's ANB. Exponentially growing numbers of numismatic collectors are pursuing information so passionately that numismatic literature has been in a prolonged boom period with every

probability for sustained growth (Forgive me: I'm currently watching Wall Street Week)

The meeting ended at about 10:10 with the NBS meeting scheduled in the same room at 10:30. I spent the intervening 20 minutes taking orders and writing out receipts.

The main speaker at the NBS meeting was John Ford who spoke of a little known author and her writings: Frances Gardiner Davenport author of **EUROPEAN TREATIES BEARING ON THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS DEPENDENCIES (TO THE EARLY 1800'S)**, a 4 volume series written over 12 years from 1917 to 1929. Riveting. This was not John Ford raconteur. This was John Ford, numismatist and researcher.

Ford was followed by Wayne Homren who had a slide presentation of the Mehl building in Fort Worth as it is now including the details of the April Fool's Hoax, we wrote about in the last issue of **THE LIMB**. The NBS' Annual Awards were given to the following: The Armand Champa Award for sustained and excellence of contributions to **THE ASYLUM** was awarded to Joel Orosz. The Aaron Feldman Award for sustained excellence in numismatic literature went to Al Hoch (Quarterman Publishing and Reprints). A special award of appreciation was presented to Frank Katen for longterm contribution to numismatics and numismatic literature. Incidentally, this year Frank Katen received his 50th year of membership gold medal from the ANA at the Saturday night ANA banquet.

Back to the NBS meeting, Denis Loring conducted the auction of the two donated items. With the bidding opening at \$100, the Bowers manuscript sold for \$550 to Dan Hamelberg. The Lester Merkin/Helfenstein color print (actually 20 inches by 30 inches) donated by Hamelberg with bidding opening at \$500 sold to George Kolbe for \$1150. George subsequently announced that he was bidding for Tony Terranova. In essence, Dan enriched the NBS treasury to the tune of \$1700. I genuinely believe that Denis could auction refrigerators to Eskimos.

As the meeting broke up, it was well into the lunch hour. I was on my own for lunch as Myron and Daryl had a long standing business lunch scheduled with the venerable Dr. John S. Davenport, author of the various Davenport books on German and European talers.

Brad Karoleff, **COINS PLUS** from Florence, Kentucky and officer of the John Reich Society, and two of his friends invited me to break bagel with them. Problem, all of the tables in the concourse were taken. Another gathering was going on at the same time. Some Ponzi-cum-Moonie-cum-Best Products group was seminarng a group of fish, uh make that clients into buying distributorships selling some kind of snake oil beauty treatment or vitamin or both. You could tell them from a mile away with the glazed over expressions and toothy grins of the true believer. Frightening. Hitler youth for truth, love, beauty, and most of all - profit.

Brad, clever dude that he is, had scoped out a place on the second level up an escalator replete with empty tables and an excellent view of the flock of clear complexioned female zealots. Brad is a most enthusiastic numismatist. The conversation was easy and light, about books and coins and good people. Brad invited the Xenoses and me to the Fall Central States Convention to be held in Cincinnati in late September (We went. Details in the next **LIMB**). Seems inviting. George Fitzgerald also dropped by to join us in lunch.

I had a post-lunch meeting scheduled with Beth Deisher, the editor of **COIN WORLD** to follow up on a mutual publishing project. Before I could get to the **COIN WORLD** table, Myron snagged me to give me the "skinny" on the lunch with Dr. Davenport. Good news; it seems like the project is a "go". Stay tuned. Myron then left in search of further quarry. Still on my way to see Beth Deisher, I snagged Bob Julian and spent a good half hour talking with him. Some months earlier, we had proposed a project to Bob. We discussed the still tentative project. As Bob jealously guards his privacy, I felt fortunate that he would share confidences with me. I finally got to the **COIN WORLD** table. I finally got to the **COIN WORLD** table, but Beth was in one her myriad of meetings. However,



the efficient, professional and pleasant Debbie McDonald of COIN WORLD scheduled me to see her tomorrow.

On my way back to the NBS table, I ran into (almost literally) Mark Atkinson, one of our longtime friends. Mark gave me a medal produced by the Parkersburg (WV) Coin Club for their 25th anniversary. (Thanks, Mark.) We then spent a few minutes talking about the Parkersburg Big Red High School football team. When I had gone to undergraduate school at Ohio University in southeastern Ohio, Parkersburg was where our freshman football team played their games. The Big Red has a huge stadium, superb high school football team (easily as good as the OU freshman and, unfortunately in some years, quite competitive with our varsity team.)

Back to the ANS table to try to buy some of the display books, no luck where I ran into Don Groves (the deerstalker) EAC member and featured consignor in 1974 to Stack's. He also introduced me to Henry Dittmer (no relation to Jack, the former second baseman for the Milwaukee Braves in the 1950's) to whom we promptly sold a copy of the Haseltine/Crosby reprint. Amazing, these things were going like hotcakes and we just brought them to show.

We were on our way back to the hotel to get ready for the WS of N when I was told that I was being paged. Not this time! You may remember from last year's ANA diary that when I thought that I was being paged, it turned out to be for Ken Lo of the Chinese Mint. Surprise, surprise, surprise. (Imagine Gomer Pyle's catchphrase) It really was for me. Brad Karoleff had someone he wanted me to meet. Brad introduced me to Keith Davignon, a Rhode Island architect and member of the John Reich Society. Keith has been working on a project for years and wanted to know if we might be interested in publishing it. Unfortunately I only had a few minutes to speak with Keith, but his project was really exciting and had good merit. We made plans to meet tomorrow to speak more about the project. All of a sudden we were publishing mavens. This is really exciting.

Back to the hotel. Oh, I almost forgot. It was raining quite heavily for a change. Myron and Daryl got dressed up for the finals. I traded in my bobby sox for stockings (oops, wrong gender) Make that, my jeans and sneakers for slacks and real shoes.

Because of the rain, I dropped off Myron and Daryl at the convention center, and parked the car knowing that my Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle umbrella would protect me. Digression ... I follow Samuel's Law of Parking Places religiously. Explanation. One of my lifelong friends, Dr. Martin A. Samuels, now of Boston Massachusetts, believed that when looking for a parking place in a crowded lot or on a crowded street, one stands an excellent chance of finding a parking place right in front of or right by the place closest to your destination. He theorized that close parking places are always available because no one looks there believing that obviously they would be all filled up. I have found Samuel's Law to be generally quite applicable and reliable.

Naturally, Samuel's Law fails miserably whenever it is precipitating.

Finally back inside after successfully traversing the flood soaked lot with the help of some old bearded guy in long white robes with a staff in his hand who parted the waters for me.

Oops, I spoke too soon. I had come in the exit by the gushing fountain which obligated me to find the nearest restroom posthaste. The finals of the WS of N were about to begin. Myron was nattily attired in an appropriate sport coat and tie. P. Scott had on his formal T-shirt. Young John was appropriately wearing any bloody thing he wanted. To bring the matter mercifully to a close, the good guys got hammered by a combination of technical problems, an intimidated emcee, a blustering-overbearing commemorative expert, and some questionable answers.

The absolute high point of the entire competition came with the final question of the match being buzzed in and successfully answered by one Myron Xenos! Huzzahs, Kudos, and Cheers (or maybe Night Court) One-for-One. Perfecto Unfortunately young John was temporarily crestfallen that

he had let his teammates down. Good Lord! Scott and Myron over the two matches got a grand total of (hmmm, let me count up their successful answers) ONE correct answer. And John felt that HE let THEM down. Just wait till next year when John enters an all YN team, kicks butt and takes names

The match ended at about 6:00 giving us about 45 minutes until dinner. The 3 Amigos were going to have dinner with the Hodder clan. Michael, his wife Pat, and their 8 year old fraternal twin daughters, Maggie and Anne. So in the interim (or maybe it was the foyer) I saw John and Jim Bergman seated at one of the tables going through their attache cases. I was not going to let this opportunity go by. John always brings goodies to the ANA to sell - plated Newlin, this time a deluxe Browning, etc. (Oops, I forgot to tell you, I had bought a John Ford 1950 edition of the Browning 2 days earlier from Jeff Rock. Neat) And I always get to John too late. While he didn't have any literature that I was interested in, he did have several red 2 by 2 boxes. As I never knew John to deal in coins, I inquired into the contents of the boxes. John replied that it was probably stuff that I wasn't interested in - just medals and tokens of numismatists and coin dealers. Sirens, bells, whistles!

Yo John. Let's see what you got there. I still have a few shekels left. John always has superb literature in superb condition. His tokens and medals were no different. Stuff that I had never seen or heard of - old, cute, and neat. We did a little business, and I left with a parcel of goodies. Thanks, John.

Then it was out to the parking lot to the car by the fountain exit. Fountain exit! Excuse me, I'll be right back. Dinner was going to be at DARRYL'S as we thought that the Hodder daughters would feel comfortable there. Although we had asked for Kristen to be our server, we were given another pleasant looking young lady. Slight problem, trying to order salad with spinach in place of the lettuce became a major project. The frustrating conversation between the server and me soon turned into a quasi-Abbott and Costello routine. "Oh, you want a spinach salad?" "No, just regular salad with spinach instead of the lettuce." "Then what do we do with the other veggies." "Just leave them in." "Then what about your spinach salad?" "I don't want a spinach salad. Just replace the lettuce in the regular salad with spinach." "Oh, then you do want the spinach salad." After assistance from a United Nations translator, the Federal Mediation Service, and closed captioning, I finally got through to this rocket scientist. The Hodder parents also ordered the salad with spinach-instead-of-lettuce.

Little Maggie Hodder got very cold. As DARRYL'S could not very well turn the temperature down just for her, Sir Walter Xenos came to the rescue giving her his sport coat. Now Myron wears a 48 long (seriously) Maggie is 48 inches long. Needless to say, Maggie looked like the lead in "Honey I Shrunk the Hodders." The meal was superb. The company and conversation excellent, covering a variety of topics, including real things not just numismatics. The Hodder family is neat. Michael and Pat are devoted parents, both are absolutely wonderful with the girls. Pat is bright, warm, gregarious, and wonderfully funny. Michael is wry and a bold introvert. The girls are each charming and wonderful. Oh, by the way, it rained in torrents while we eating.

Back to the Hotel at a decent hour, for a change. No luck with Samuel's Law as all of the parking places were taken up by the Ponzi-cum-Moonie-cum-Best Line Products group who were gathering at our hotel.

Once in our rooms (adjoining), the plan was to pack all of our books, take them to Post Office (located inside the bourse room) tomorrow morning, and mail them back to the Rocky River office: thus, saving us the hassle of dragging them on the plane. We packed 7 boxes (one with my dirty laundry as pseudo-styrofoam peanuts). The packing went quickly, plenty of time to get my bearings (which are heavily worn), time to phone home to check on the cat, and get a reasonable night's sleep.

(Incidentally, as I am writing this, the PO just delivered 5 of the 7 boxes. My laundry was not in



any of the 5, but my important books were so who cares?)

## SATURDAY, AUGUST 15.

The penultimate day. And a short one. In her wisdom, Daryl realized that Myron and I were becoming even punchier than normal, and that we had better get away from the show before we completely freaked and started looking for our "Graysheets" and asking what "Bid" was, and how could "crack-out" some "5s." So Myron and I had until 2.30 to finish up any business we had started (or to both start and finish new business).

Breakfast at Friendly's with the Sklows and our usual server, Marilyn from Massachusetts, whom I had called Bev all week. Bagels to go. I forgot to mention that Myron had been eating grits all week for breakfast. Grits - an onomatopoeically apt appellation.

To the show. Myron and I dropped off our boxes at the bourse room branch of the U.S. Post Office. Amazing, the woman on duty was knowledgeable, friendly, professional, and quick. Obviously, she is a threat to the USPS. While we were loading up, John Wilson (the ubiquitous, enthusiastic, and versatile ANA representative) congratulated Myron on his WS of N success. After I left Myron licking the new Columbian commem issues stamps which would soon decorate our boxes to go Rocky River-ward, I was finally able to meet with the peripatetic Beth Deisher. The "project" looks like a go. The parameters appear agreeable to all. We will be (and have been) in touch to hammer out the specifics. This should be a neat, numismatically worthwhile though slightly time-consuming, long-term project.

Met with John Kraljevich and his mother this morning. Myron complimented her on how admirable her support was for her son's numismatic pursuits. She said that she knew she would have to learn about numismatics if she ever wanted to get to know her son. Great lady.

On our way to lunch, Myron and I snagged Keith Davignon to talk more specifically about his research project. John Burns joined us also. I got beverages for all of us, but instead of my lunch bagel, I heard a quarter-pound all-beef hot dog calling to me. I surrendered to its siren call. While we ate, Myron and I gave Keith some guidelines about the steps necessary in publishing his work; all of which are do-able (word for the day). Keith expressed some reservations that enough people would really be interested in his work to make the project worthwhile pursuing. I saw Carl Feldman walking by, and hollered for him to come over. After briefly seeing Keith's work, Carl enthusiastically said that he would buy the book in a minute. John Kraljevich and Rian Thum (another of the bright, young YN's) came by. I snagged both of them. I could see that Keith was a bit taken aback by John's youth. Not only did John indicate that he also would buy Keith's work if it were published, but also as I left the table, my last view of Keith and John was that they were deep in conversation over die combinations and die states.

It was time to return to the exhibits as the category winners had been announced. Congrats to Wayne Homren whose 6 case exhibit on printed numismatic ephemera in the numismatic literature category made him the inaugural (and well-deserved) winner of the Aaron Feldman Award. Quite appropriately, in fact, as Wayne was the prime mover in the project to get the ANA to offer a category for exhibiting numismatic literature. John Kraljevich's exhibit - A Complete Set of Varieties from the Randall Hoard of Large Cents - won in his YN category. John certainly is having one heck of a convention, isn't he? Many wonderful exhibits were presented. The public may not realize how time consuming preparing even a bad exhibit is. Kudos to all who contributed. In the non-competitive exhibits was a super display of the Bowers & Merena reference collection of US commems. Forget the commems themselves; the various paper material - commission letters, ephemera, and advertisements - had me drooling. Great stuff.

I had a bit of time to look for any token dealers whom I had might have overlooked. I went by Hank Spangenberg's table again to see if he had gotten anything new in. He had, but nothing for me. I reminded Hank to keep an eye out for a silver Empire Coin Company token for me. I already had the common copper and the less common brass, but no silver. (If any readers have any silver Empire Coin Company tokens for sale, please contact me. I am also looking for an original EAC membership token, please contact me forthwith.)

Moving down a row that I had previously overlooked, I found Jim Elmen's table manned (or in this case "womaned" by his wife). Jim had hoofed it to another show leaving his wife and son to hold down Fort Orlando. Hello! No more than 5 minutes after I broached the subject to Hank, what to my wondrous eyes should appear but a silver Empire Coin Company token. I glommed onto it fast. (I'm still looking for more of the silver Empire tokens.) In looking over the fascinating Elmen display, I met Gene Hynds with whom we have corresponded for a long time, but whom I had never met in person. Gene, assistant ANA sergeant-at-arms, is a fascinating gentle man. We shared stories about tokens and medals we have met and known. Great guy!

On the way to the other side, I met Bert Cohen of Great American Numismatics in person, after only having phone prior contact by phone. Bert is also an advanced collector of macerated currency. We shared a few minutes in discussion, thereof. Fascinating man, fascinating collecting area!

Finally, 2:30. My energy ran out right at the time we were about to leave. While we were not going to leave Orlando until tomorrow morning, the trip to Universal Studios would be a great way to decompress. The ominous clouds followed us, waiting until we had gotten well inside Universal before they opened up. We went into the Schwab Soda Fountain/Drug store to wait out the rain. I really wasn't too worried. I had my Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle umbrella for protection. We found a table inside. I just wanted a seltzer water. Miracle of miracles - no charge. We actually got something for which there was NO CHARGE, GRATIS, FREE. Unbelievable!

The rain slowly subsided, giving us a good half hour wait; I almost dozed off for a bit. Then it was onward to the "rides", for lack of a better term. First we went to see the ET "ride." The lines were long, and the wait was about an hour, but the Universal people know their stuff; by having the people walk through a maze-like series of pipes, the time passed rather quickly. Large fans kept the air moving. Not bad at all. The "ride" was for children and families. Neat. Worthwhile.

Then it was to the **BACK TO THE FUTURE** extravaganza. A 75 minute wait was to be expected, but in retrospect although I hate waiting for anything, the series of lines helped me to decompress from the convention. While walking through the lines, I saw a rather drawn father with his wife and their 4 kids. Pop was carrying a shopping bag with the day's loot, and from inside the bag protruded (could it be? Yes!) the bilious green handle of a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle umbrella. He had one, too. I showed him mine. His look in return was a resigned smile acknowledging the "any port in a storm" credo.

About 15 minutes previously Myron asked me what the odds were that we would meet anyone we knew. I told him that I thought the odds were pretty good. For once I was right. Crossing our path in line for BTTF, about 5 minutes in front, was Wayne Homren and friend. While the "ride" is too complex to explain, let's just say that it cost a fortune to produce, the details are magnificent, and the execution is successful beyond belief. Worth the wait, the cost of admission. Mind-boggling. I will say that when I went in I had a band-aid on my index finger; when I left I had no band-aid. Apparently, I had gripped the handrail so tightly that my band-aid is probably still fused to it.

Daryl had made reservations at the Studio Stars Restaurant inside Universal. Our waitress was Robbie, a personable ex-teacher from Livonia, MI who had come to Universal to get into management some 3 weeks earlier. Myron and Daryl ordered the excellent salad bar and buffet, making her job easy. Yours truly went the Spinach-no-lettuce route. I also asked to have different sauce on the pasta which was not on the menu. Basically, I made this poor woman run her legs off.



She never lost her grin or her patience. The food was excellent. The dessert tray was positively lethal. I passed Myron and Daryl split a huge wedge of chocolate cake with different types of chocolate in a white chocolate sauce and about a kajillion calories.

After the superb dinner, to the "Earthquake" ride. While we were walking through the mazelike waiting lines we discussed our new publishing ventures and were throwing around various names. Daryl came up with the winner. So just wait for the debut of "Gold Leaf Press" the Publishing Branch of The Money Tree.

The "Earthquake" is an amazing sensation. Myron appropriately said that while this "ride's" appeal is that ET and BTTF are fantasy, "Earthquake" is real. I've got a funny hunch that the "Earthquake" at Universal Studios in California is NOT very popular.

By now it was 9:00 and on the way out we stopped by the waterway for a stunt spectacular: a boat chase battle between "drug runner" bad guys and the good cops. Our location wasn't the best, but we still got a good part of expected bang.

Then it was back to the car for three tired Amigos. Amazing. The 7 miles back to the hotel took 90 minutes. Nary a traffic cop in sight. I cannot (but must) believe that Orlando was unprepared for this traffic jam/gridlock. That horrible delay was probably the only truly down part of the week.

By the time we got back to the hotel, it was past 11:00 and we retired to pack for the trip back. This cowboy was one tired camper. To bed at midnight.

#### SUNDAY, AUGUST 16 - THE HOMECOMING (sort of)

Because checking out of a hotel at the end of a convention is always chaos, Myron found out that if we checked out at 7:30 AM (10:30 flight home) there would be no wait. We did, and there wasn't. Unlike the Chicago fiasco of last year, this was smooth and problem-free. We went to Friendly's for a leisurely breakfast. Bagel to go for me. I never eat airline food. (Now remember that, I NEVER eat airline food!)

We stopped at a gas station to fill up the rental car and ran into Frank and Laurese Katen in their shiny like-new dark red Cadillac. Frank had gotten his 50th year of membership gold ANA medal at last night's ANA banquet. He said that we should have been at last night's ANA banquet as "it was the first time that the food was actually good." Frank also told us that young John Kraljevich's exhibit won YN best-in-show. [Note: we just received the August 31, 1992 issue of COIN WORLD which reported that John's Randall Hoard exhibit received the Junior YN best of show; he also won the first place award in the regular (adult) category for US coins; he also won first place in the (adult) medals and token category for "the Libertas Americana Medal"; he won second place for his paper money exhibit "Anti-Alteration Devices on Checks"; and he took a third place in the foreign coins category for "A Type Set of Spanish Colonial Silver".] Yeah, but what has he done lately?

The juxtaposition of the awards to both Frank Katen and John Kraljevich at this convention suggests some sort of metaphysical unity and transition. (Let's see, I can be writing the same thing about Frank, John and some other 15 year old numismatist in 2067 at the 162nd ANA convention being held in America's then westernmost city, Dubuque, Iowa - 12 years after the big earthquake of 2055.)

Myron has just a touch of claustrophobia, so, as Daryl said, we got to the airport 90 minutes early just so that we could wait until the last minute to board the plane. I read three Sunday newspapers (the quantity of whose newsprint probably was directly responsible for the elimination of several rainforests and Global Warming to the tune of 10 degrees Celsius), and gave the travel sections to the Xenoses.

After having embarked and taken our seats (perhaps we should have taken it as an omen) one of the stewardesses (I know - flight attendants) asked Myron, what time the flight was scheduled to take-off. Really, she did! Then came omen number 2. Daryl's window seat shade wouldn't pull up. Omen number 3. Daryl heard someone who had just gotten off the plane say that coming down they didn't have a good flight.

Our flight was 10:30 from Orlando to Philadelphia with an immediate connecting flight to Cleveland, getting us home at 2:30. The flight to Philadelphia was smooth. Lunch was served at 11:00. Now I NEVER EAT AIRLINE FOOD. I had my bagel wrapped and ready to eat, but the food smelled good: boned chicken topped with some mild barbecue sauce, a side of mixed greens and a dessert square of some kind (I gave mine to Myron), and canned mineral water.

As the pilot was calling out the gates of the connecting flights, I didn't hear. Cleveland? ever mentioned. Oh, well. I probably just wasn't paying attention (a not-unusual occurrence for me). As we were landing, my stomach was sending me distress signals - the type of distress that I thought I had recovered from after 3 years. I mean I NEVER EAT AIRLINE FOOD except for this one time.

The plane had landed in rainy Philadelphia. I asked the "stew" what gate the plane for Cleveland was leaving from. After a suitable interval, just long enough for my stomach to go ballistic, we heard the pilot say that the flight to Cleveland had been cancelled. CANCELLED! As we disembarked, I left Myron and Daryl to fight the battle as I ran for the restroom. Just in time (I NEVER EAT AIRLINE FOOD!) On my way out, I saw a nattily dressed little man with a green blazer and a white straw hat being pushed in a wheel chair toward a gate. He looked vaguely familiar. Oh, well.

After an emergency pit stop, I found Myron and Daryl at the counter with an overworked underpaid young woman who was forced to bear the brunt of the abrupt, arbitrary decisions of the nameless suits who were probably comfortably at home with their golden parachutes. The next flight to Cleveland was scheduled at 4:40 (a 3 hour wait).

The USAir people wear buttons that say "The first letter in USAir is U." They don't tell you that the S stands for "Sucker."

Myron also made it clear in no uncertain terms that he had to have an aisle seat or he wasn't going anywhere. The young lady was pushing buttons up the kazoo to get any 3 seats on the 4:40 which we heard was already overbooked. She said that she found three seats, and cryptically said that we could fight over them - whatever that meant. (Perhaps we had to be volunteer flight attendants or co-pilots or something.)

A three hour wait! More Sunday papers. Let's see: 2 Orlando papers and the Miami Herald. In Philly: the Inquirer, the New York Times, and Washington Post. Another rain forest gone. My stomach then reminded me that we had better make another restroom visit. (I swear, I LL NEVER EAT AIRLINE FOOD AGAIN! Honest!) On my way out of the restroom, I ran into the diminutive older man in the green blazer. I couldn't resist. "Excuse me, are you Byron Nelson?" (famous golfer from the 30's and 40's). "No," he responded, "I'm Gene Sarazen." Good lord! One of the greatest golfers of all time. We walked out together as he muttered, "Wouldn't you think that in an airport of this size there would be a TV set so that I could watch the final round of the PGA [golf tournament]?"

The Amigos found a restful lounge so that the Xenoses could partake in spiritus fermenti. I got a seltzer water. I decided to phone home using my AT&T card. Same problem. I could access long distance companies in Guam, but no matter how I dialed (even using the AT&T operator as a guide) I couldn't get out of Philadelphia. AT&T had to manual dial for me.

Eventually, it was time to board our flight. However, as we got up we saw the luggage loaders drop a large box on the wet tarmac and subsequently ignore it. Myron got up and told someone at the



ticket counter about it. A phone call was made. Myron came back with our boarding passes - Row 01, Seats A, C, & F. "Row 01" - must be in the cargo bay.

Hello! Row 01 was actually in first class - FIRST CLASS! Bless that little ticket girl's heart! Now I realize that most of you have never flown first class so let me describe it for you. Until takeoff, there is nothing special. However, once the curtain closes between first class and coach, they bring out the first class "stews" - the Swedish Bikini Team for the men, and Chippendale dancers for the women. Instead of Eagle brand peanuts, Nubian slaves shell pistachio nuts for you. Each man is given a massage by a Geisha. A Hong Kong tailor makes a suit for the men, while the women are given designer clothes by Givenchy. However, before landing, everyone in first class has to take a sacred vow never to tell the commoners in coach what really goes on.

The plane set down in Cleveland. The Xenoses elder daughter, Stacey, picked us up. We got our luggage reasonably quickly. Exited the airport smoothly. Went Chez Xenos. Got my car. Smooth drive to bail out the cat who has since become a velcro accesory to me, kind of like a fifth appendage. Then home, and collapse.

Ratings: Orlando weather gets a 5. The Convention Center gets a 10. The hotel was an 8. The food and service all week everywhere gets a 10. The entire convention gets a 9.5. The rental car gets an 8 (I couldn't find the control to move the front seat up after Myron whose has about a 63 inch inseam got out). USAir gets a Chapter 13.

Neat people we met but did not previously mention. Donald Young, the affable Kentucky collector. Bob Rozycki and Al Hurry (sonovagun, the guys didn't have a table - these two Illinois dealers always have the neatest stuff and the happiest table.) Rich Hartzog - exnumia galore. Justin Van Etten, another of the fine young numismatists. Paul Whitnah - 1992 Farran Zerbe award winner and a genuinely good man, only a brief handshake with Richard Margolis. Norm and Nancy Talbert of Great Lakes Coin Company from right down at the corner of our street in Rocky River; Harry E. Jones, paper money maven (and another nearby Cleveland coin dealer); Lynn Chen, ANA librarian who is always courteous and polite (even to me!); too little time with Rick Ponterio, Dennis Forgue, Carling Gresham, Steve Eyer, Ken Hallenbeck, Ed Price, Al Boulanger, and Frank Van Valen. Apologies to all those whom I omitted. It was a grand time.

And ... ANA 1993 - in Balimer, Maryland is just around the corner. Oh by the way the name I forgot to list was Dave Lange. Unfortunately, I don't remember any longer why I was supposed to mention his name in the first place.

## **A REQUEST (Yea, Verilly a Plea) FROM THE MONEY TREE**

Myron and I are active buyers of medals and tokens and memorabilia of American and Canadian coin dealers, coin collectors, and coin clubs. Should you have any (or better yet a bunch) that you might wish to sell. Please contact us forthwith (or better yet thirdwith). [Actually contact me first so that I can get all of the better ones before he does.]

Also, we have for sale a collection of about 200 embossed American bottles, most from the late 1800's to the 1930's including dozens of old medicine bottles, early Coke bottles, brewery bottles from many cities, blobtop bottles, all in various shades; many "super-scarce items", all in excellent condition. Again, all bottles are embossed; none have labels. Price - \$995.00, ppd. For more information, contact Myron.

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**TWO NEW PUBLICATIONS EXCLUSIVELY FROM THE MONEY TREE**

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We are taking orders now for two new publications of interest to numismatic bibliophiles. Each is being distributed exclusively by **THE MONEY TREE**.

**A REPRINT OF HASELTINE'S 1883 SYLVESTER CROSBY SALE**

The first offering is a limited reprint, handpriced edition produced and distributed by **THE MONEY TREE** of the rare, classic 1883 John Haseltine auction catalogue of the **SYLVESTER S. CROSBY** Collection of Early Colonial Coins of America. Of the 50 numbered, regular-paper copies of the 92 page small format catalogue which were produced, fewer than half remain. They are being sold for \$20.00 each and are available for immediate delivery. Also, 10 numbered, thick-paper copies were produced. The selling price was \$35.00, each. Unfortunately, they were all sold out at the ANA in Orlando.

Original copies are rarely offered. Even in terrible condition, the few original copies to be offered in the marketplace sold for over \$100. The Crosby sale is a most important core sale of early American colonial coins. This reprint was made from one of the finest original copies extant, which had apparently remained untouched since the mid-1880's. This original copy is currently in the Myron Xenos library. The prices in the margin were handprinted by Stefanie Xenos (younger daughter of the Money Tree Xenoses) from a priced copy in the Dan Hamelberg library.

**AMERICAN NUMISMATIC BIOGRAPHIES, by Pete Smith**

The second offering is **AMERICAN NUMISMATIC BIOGRAPHIES (ANB)**, by Pete Smith, is the debut offering from the **GOLD LEAF PRESS**, the publishing branch of **THE MONEY TREE** published by and distributed exclusively by **THE MONEY TREE**. The new 256 page book printed by Remy Bourne's **RAMM COMMUNICATIONS** contains more than 1400 pertinent biographies of Americans of numismatic importance from the late 18th century to today. Only 65 copies of the softbound, 8 1/2 by 11 inch book were produced. However, after being introduced at the ANA, only 40 copies of the softbound book remain. Copies will be sold at a pre-publication price of \$29.95, each until the end of November 15. Subsequently, the price for any remaining copies will be \$37.50. We seriously doubt, though, that any copies will remain. Orders will be taken now with delivery scheduled to be at the end of November.

Also, 20 clothbound library editions were produced, each to be individually numbered. However, all of the clothbound copies also sold out at the ANA; none remain. The clothbound copies were sold for \$75.00.

We really suggest that you contact us ASAP, as we expect all of the remaining copies of the Haseltine Crosby reprint and all of the copies of **AMERICAN NUMISMATIC BIOGRAPHIES** to sell out fast. There are no plans to reprint either in the near future. Orders without checks cannot be guaranteed to be filled. In fact, orders with checks may not be able to be filled.

So fill out the enclosed order sheet and send your check forthwith. Really, these two books will sell out fast. Don't be disappointed.



## SOME REDISCOVERED, BUT UNLISTED BOWERS AND RUDDY SALES

Among the most currently popular areas for collectors of numismatic literature are the various printed emissions of Dave Bowers and Jim Ruddy. Martin Gengerke's **AMERICAN NUMISMATIC AUCTIONS** contains the definitive listing of the Bowers and Ruddy auctions. In fact, many of you may not be aware that pages 229 to 238 in Gengerke's 8th edition contains listings of auction sales which were contained in numismatic publications. However, none of them are listings of other Bowers and/or Ruddy sales. Thus the thrill of discovery or more appropriately rediscovery of B & R sales.

Let me take you back to the thrilling days this summer before this year's ANA convention when I was working on one particular project.

Armand Champa had sent us a virtually complete set of **COIN WORLD** from day one in 1960 through 1975 nearly 800 issues to be offered in a future mail bid sale. We are talking about more than a dozen huge boxes. Unfortunately the issues were not all packed in chronological order. I asked Armand that if before we listed the papers for auction, if I could use them for research. He courteously agreed.

Essentially my belief (which you will read more about in the next issue of **LIMB**) is that there is extraordinarily valuable and vulnerable numismatic information in all of the newsprint periodicals that is being overlooked and is in danger of being lost. Because of the fragile nature of newsprint, and because most newspapers have already been disposed, much key, and maybe even unique numismatic information is going to be lost to the numismatic community. How many people have access to complete sets of **COIN WORLD** or **NUMISMATIC NEWS**? Who has an index or access to an index to the contents of those papers? Does any index in fact exist? In fact, how many people have ever read every issue? (Some of you might ask instead, who has that much time to waste?)

Having this special opportunity, I decided to go through each issue, page-by-page. At this point, after nearly 100 hours of work, I have only gotten through the first decade of **COIN WORLD**, but already I have learned much, which dear reader, you will read about in later issues of **LIMB**, whether you want to or not!

Anyway, back to the topic at hand (sort of). Empire Coin Company (Bowers and Ruddy from 1960 to 1965, roughly) is listed in Gengerke as only having conducted 3 sales: 2 in **Empire Topics**, and the scarce 1962 Empire State Numismatic Association (ESNA) sale. So, (now remember, these **COIN WORLD** issues were not boxed in chronological order so orderly sequential searching was just not practicable) in the October 27, 1961 issue of **CW** I noticed a photo feature on the 1961 ESNA convention (pp. 44 and 50). The caption below a picture of QDB, Jim Ruddy, and 3 others reads "Q. David Bowers ... and James F. Ruddy of the Empire Coin Co., Inc. ... present a check to Paul C. Christiansen (New York State Triple Cities Coin Club treasurer for \$216 - the club's share in a September 19 auction". No mention is made of how many lots or of any of the contents. The phrase "the club's share in a September 19 auction" conveys two possibilities to me: 1. It was a modest club auction, probably with no catalogue, but perhaps with the listings on duplicated sheets of mimeo paper; 2. The ESNA consignment was part of a larger auction, specifics unknown, also printed in some form on paper. (Does anyone have a copy? Is there a copy in the archives of the ESNA or in the holdings of ESNA member?) Anyway, here is another entry for the Bowers bibliographers.

Next, **CW**, February 16, 1962, page 39, titled article "Triple Cities Club hears Q. David Bowers Lecture." The second last paragraph reads, "The Empire Coin Company will again [February 24, 1962 - the only Gengerke listed Empire ESNA sale] conduct the sales and all proceeds will go to the Triple Cities club." The key phrase "will again conduct"; thus, at least one previous Empire Coin

Company ESNA auction may be inferred

Then, I encountered the earliest dated CW mention yet (CW, May 11, 1961, page 10 "Coin Was Truly King For A Day") a full page illustrated feature continued on page 32, noting that the Triple Cities Club show auction under the hammer of James F. Ruddy of Johnson City and Q. David Bowers of Binghamton "coinages brought excellent prices with 145 lots of the 157 listed going for over \$1500. This was strictly [sic] club auction and managed by all members in the club. Over 100 people had placed and made bids on lots during the auction session. [A highlight] of the auction . 1793 Chain American [sic] cent, Sheldon No 3, Nearly Very Fine ... \$210.. " This obviously is a bit ephemeral, but still to be added to the body of their listings

The next Empire Coin Company find was much more significant COIN WORLD, July 6, 1962, pages 17 to 20, completely and exclusively containing the listings of the following:

**EMPIRE COIN COMPANY, INC.**  
**Empire Building Johnson City 3, N.Y.**  
**Presents A**  
**MAIL BID SALE**  
**Of The Outstanding Collection of U.S. Coins**  
**Formed by John Lord, Of Chicago**  
**CLOSING DATE JULY 16, 1962**

"This collection [is] valued at over \$50,000 00 " This pull-out 4 page sale consisted of 487 numbered lots. Highlights were choice excellent Indian and Lincoln cents, an 1861 "Hazeltine" restrike C.S A cent, 38 lots of attributed pattern half dimes, a high relief \$20 00, and other choice 19th and 20th century U.S. gold and silver This should be listed in the Gengerke section on auctions in publications

For several days afterward my searches were fruitless. Then - serendipity. While Myron was asking me if I had found any other Bowers and Ruddy listings, just as I put down the copy of COIN WORLD I had finished with, staring right back at me was the entire last page of the first section of CW, (June 28, 1963, page 40):

**MAIL BID SALE**  
**OF**  
**DESIREABLE [sic] COINS OF THE WORLD**  
**INCLUDING UNITED STATES, English, Mexican Issues.**

The sale's closing date: July 2, 1963 at 4 00 PM. 114 lots of mostly bulk and common English coins that Empire was selling through its FPLs and ads at that time. Highlights: one lot of English EF-AU crowns from 1927 through 1936; 1000 pieces of 1949 Mexican 1 centavo in BU; 1870-CC silver dollar.

Now there may more forgotten listings yet to come after 1969, or some from 1960 to 1969 that I missed, but for the recorder of Bowers and Ruddy sales, listed above are a few that you may not have in your listings



## OUT ON A LIMB MAIL BID SALE NUMBER 1

Yes, Gengerke catalogue watchers, you have read correctly. Boldly going where no cataloguer has gone before, LIMB is in fact conducting its first mail bid sale. Right here Right now. It truly took something special to initiate conducting a mail bid sale in this estimable journal. In fact, it is so special that this sale consists only of one lot.

The usual mail bid rules prevail. For this unique sale absolutely no phone bids will accepted! This sale is absolutely unreserved. Closing date for the sale is November 9, 1992.

Lot 1. Great Lakes Coin Company, "BOWLING" SHIRT. 1988. Hilton Athletic Apparel (apparently). Extra-Large. 50% cotton/50% genuine polyester. Black cotton-blend pullover with turquoise short sleeves (2), white collar (1) and trim. "Phil" in white script above the pocket. 3 turquoise imitation pearl buttons. A five-inch in diameter gray sewn uniface rendering of the type two reverse of the buffalo nickel in the center of the back of the shirt (no mint-mark visible). "Great Lakes Coin Co." in white cursive above and below the "nickel." Two loose threads dangling from the left sleeve. Fine-12, net. but the wear of a VF-20, or a bit better. Cleaned. (25.00)

Research indicates that Norm Talbert, owner of "Great Lakes Coin Co.", ANA-LM, sponsored a bowling team in the late 1980's and in 1990. Among the six team members who received one of the charter member shirts presentation specimen shirts were Norm Talbert, Ted Martowitz, (local coin dealer) and also Phil Aftoora, Dean of Admissions of the Case Western Reserve University School of Dentistry and also a full-time coin dealer, who specializes in foreign coins, and the recipient of the present specimen. Records do not currently exist of the bowling averages of the team members or of their particular beverages of choice, or of the quantities imbibed. Thus, the condition of each of the other 5 shirts is unknown. However, as the owner of the specimen offered here is decidedly low-key, one can expect that lack of wear on this lot places it at the top of the census.

Only six specimens were issued (we theorize that no patterns, proofs, die trials, or pieforts were made or issued); thus this clearly ranks in the census. Further, as Phil only bowled for one of the 4 or 5 year life of the bowling team, This is the by far the finest known. In fact, it may be the only surviving specimen; thus, its catalogue designation, NC-1. Should any other specimens be extant, we estimate that this specimen is least 5 Sheldon points better than any other possible "pretenders". Neither PCGS or NGC has yet listed even a single specimen of this shirt (or even this type) in their "Population Reports" While the cleaning has removed some of the "character" of the original; there can be no doubt that this is infinitely superior to any uncleaned example, should one be found to exist. We might suggest that because of its pedigree, and its being a census piece that this should be slabbed (hermetically sealed, verily) permanently in an opaque slab.

For the "buffalo nickel" collector, this is a once in a lifetime opportunity. Not in the ANS. The provenance of this lot is Koenig Sporting Goods, Norm Talbert, Phil Aftoora, The Money Tree.

Remember a 10% buyer's fee is in effect. A certificate of authenticity comes with the lot. No "Buy" or "Unlimited" bids will be accepted. Please check your bid sheets. Do not fail to miss this special opportunity if you can.

**ESTIMATE:** (?), however, all seriousness aside, the proceeds of this lot will be donated to the treasury of the Numismatic Bibliomania Society.

## **A REQUEST FROM REMY BOURNE**

Remy Bourne, the Minneapolis numismatist, numismatic bibliophile, and numismatic researcher is putting the finishing touches on **THREE CENTS AND NONSENSE**, a book which deals with all of the varieties of any item with a 3 cent denomination (coins, tokens, paper money, etc.)

However, for his collection he has requested that we ask each of you (and anyone whom you might ask) to send him a signed personal check written to Remy Bourne "in the amount of "Three Cents". Remy promises that none of the checks will be cashed, that each is merely for his collection. Please send the checks to Remy Bourne, 9121 Baltimore St. N.E., Minneapolis, MN 55434. Your assistance is appreciated

## **WHY DON'T KIDS TODAY COLLECT COINS? OR WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY IS US**

Get ready. A tirade fro your editor's id is about to be unleashed. (The views below do not necessarily represent the views of the management of **THE MONEY TREE**, Myron Xenos, or either of the 2 office cats Andy and Cheetah, or even me once I think better of what I have written)

One of the popular topics of the day in the current numismatic press is lamenting the dearth of young coin collectors. Blame ranges from Nintendo, the decline of the family, AIDS, baseball cards --- everyone gets blamed but the guy looking back at you in the mirror.

Example, as I mentioned in the ANA diary, you would not have believed the fuss that Myron's tipping with \$2.00 bills caused among the young servers at various restaurants. A series of questions, enthusiasm Bingo - a few of those waiters even came right out to the convention

I cannot overestimate the number of coin dealers whom I hear (in one breath) bitching about kids bothering them with questions at shows, and only buying "crap" from them, and then complaining about how horrible the future for the coin business will be, and (in the other) how they are only going to deal in baseball cards

No one is so blind as a man (especially a coin dealer) who will not see.

Listen Mr Coin Dealer. You want kids to collect coins again, you want to know where the collectors of tomorrow are. They are right in front of you! How do you get them? Try these random suggestions

Each kid who comes by your table should get a bag of stuff. You've all got tons of stuff in your shops in your desk, that you know that you're never going to get around to selling to that great wholesaler in the sky. Fill up bags with worn Indian head pennies, a 2 cent piece with a bad scratch, an Eisenhower dollar (Do you realize that some are 20 years old now? When you were a kid do you remember how old a 20 year old penny seemed to you?). You've got a 2 year old Redbook? Give it to the kid.

You've got a buffalo nickel with only one digit readable. Give it to the kid. No kid should leave any coin dealer's table or shop without being given something. A kid will spend \$5.00 or \$10.00 or \$20.00 weekly on baseball cards. You'll gladly take his money because you bought the stuff for a song. Well why won't you take his \$5.00 or \$10.00 for coins. Because the kid is going to get in your way when someone wants to buy your Brasher Doubloon? Gimme a break!



At all of the local coin shows, everybody is also selling baseball cards. Well, Bozo, go the local baseball card show and next to your overgraded, overpriced Billy Ripken card, put some old Morgan dollars or bust halves in your case. Instead of selling some Joe Rudi card from 1983, maybe the kid will buy a Morgan dollar from 1883.

Even if you are not a dealer, just a collector - when you go to the shows, every kid you see, give him an Indian head penny. (I know "CENT, not PENNY"!) Silver isn't worth a whole lot any more. So, give the kid a dateless standing lib quarter, or some holed Walking Lib half.

All of you old guys in the coin clubs lamenting the future of numismatics? Have you ever thought of donating a subscription to **COIN WORLD** or **NUMISMATIC NEWS** to your local grade school library? Ever walk into the local library and give them last years (or this year's) Krause "Telephone Book" or a new "Redbook".

All of you local, state, and regional coin organizations. You may very well be doing noble things or what you think may be noble things to attract young numismatists. Are they really effective, or are you merely doing things that attract the offspring of your own members, who are captive audiences anyway? Ever take **COIN WORLD** or **NUMISMATIC NEWS** to a hospital along with a Teddy bear and the comic books? Or to the YMCA, YWCA, youth centers, boy and girl scouts?

**COIN WORLD**, and all of you other publications. You give out complimentary issues at coin shows. Heck, the people there already know about **COIN WORLD**. Why don't you mail out copies to school and public libraries, to hospitals, to YMCAs and YWCAs, to youth homes, etc.

**ANA**. You advertise YN programs up the kazoo. Why aren't you using your resources and our dues, and the proceeds from selling **ANACS** to having outreach programs to where kids really are ... schools? Every school should be receiving **THE NUMISMATIST** gratis, and also **REDBOOKS**, and other standard references. If there isn't money for it; you should be soliciting donations, and soliciting donations for YN dues.

**ANS**. Do you know that some people actually earn less than \$100,000, don't have or Ph.D's, don't read Latin, and are younger than 50? What are you doing? Instead of raising money only to fund your exhibit on the various dies of Yap Island money, might you consider contacting various public schools, or school systems to award scholarships for summer study to students of merit?

Each and every one of you! I have taught school for over a quarter of a century (sheesh!). I now have students of former students. When I ask students about their hobbies, most mention collecting coins. Now it just may be some old random pocket change, but they are collecting coins. Again, paraphrasing the late Sam Kinison "GO WHERE THE KIDS ARE!" ... if you are serious. But of course bitching is much easier, and self-fulfilling.

Of course, there are other ways, and some of my suggestions may not be practicable for everyone or everywhere, but Jeez, do something! Just do it! Now I realize that the vast majority of coin dealers have the mentality of the Home Shopping Network shills, that they are just selling stuff (or is that merely the impression they give?), but we know that you care because you are reading this bloody thing.

When you send in your **ANA**, **ANS**, **MANA** or **NBS** dues, send in enough for a dues scholarship for some kid. What kid? If you don't have a niece or nephew or son or neighbor, contact your local grade school or church, and ask them for a name.

And what happens if your efforts are rebuffed? Keep on plugging away. And what happens if your efforts are rebuffed again? Use your imagination!

Paraphrasing another homily, "All that is necessary for numismatics to die is for good men (and women) to do nothing."



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